North. Reproach and deſolution hangeth ouer him,
Roſſe. He hath not Money for theſe *Iriſh* Warres,
His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſht Duke.
North. His noble kinſman moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to auoyde the ſtorme.
We ſee the Winde ſit ſore vpon our Sailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſſe. We ſee the very Wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
North. Not ſo, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I eſpie life peering; but I dare not ſay,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſſe. Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three are but thy ſelfe; and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I haue from *Le port blan*
(A Bay in *Britaine*) receiude intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, Raynold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His Brother Archbiſhop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Ramſton,
Sir Iohn Norberie, ſir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines
All theſe well furniſhed by the Duke of Britaine,
With eight tall Ships, three thouſand men of Warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northern ſhore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland*:
If then we ſhall ſhake off our Countries ſlauiſh yoke,
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemiſht Crowne,
Wipe of the duſt that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maieſtie looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſt to Rauenſpurgh:

But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelfe will go.
Roſſe. To horſe, to horſe, vrge doubts to them that fe
Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.

Exeu

Enter the Queene, Buſhie, and Bagot.

Buſh. Madam, your Maieſtie is too much ſadde,
You promiſt when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide halfe-harming heauineſſe,
And entertaine a cheerefull diſpoſition.
Queene. To pleaſe the King I did, to pleaſe my ſel
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to ſo ſweete a gueſt,
As my ſweete *Richard:* yet againe me thinks
Some vnborne Sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward Soule,
With nothing trembles, at ſome thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a griefe hath twenty ſhad
Which ſhewes like griefe it ſelfe, but is not ſo:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects.
Like perſpectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confuſion, eyde awry,
Diſtinguiſh forme: ſo your ſweete Maieſtie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find ſhapes of griefe more then himſelfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but ſhadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your Lords departure weepe not, more i
Or if it be, tis with falſe Sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.
Queene. It may be ſo, but yet my inward Soule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe: how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heauie ſad,
As though on thinking on, no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and ſhrinke,